il communications to the *Bra*, whether on busi-of the paper or for publication, should be ad-sed to G. BAILEY, *Washington*, D. C.

THE ATTOMATE

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

VOL. VIII.

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1854.

NO. 401. Wall, Worcester,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Bra.
LEONARD WRAY.

y the author of "The Chronicles of the Bastile,"
"The Embassy," "The Yule Log," "Philip of
Lutetia," &c.

An angulah seised his soul,
A tear was in his sye—
But 'swas not that he dranded death,
For much he longed to die!
Slowly he wandered on,
Till at last his footsteps grew
S feeble, that he laidd him down
Where the trees their shadows three; Swort flowers were clustering near He looked at them and smiled, As he pressed the seft green couch t Had spread for her dying child.

And the zephyr to his ear
On its mossy pillow stole,
Breathing sweet thoughts of love
To cheer his parting sonl.

For the National Era.
THE OLD SLAVE

He had ceased to count his years—
That poor old tottering slave—
And the generations he had served
Now wished him in his grave.

Long had his prime been past; And now, a leafless tree, With trunk decayed and crumbling fast, Well nigh to fall was he!

He had loved in his manhood's time, As a fottered manhoed may; But the partner of his woary lot They had torn from his arm away:

In his ear, the tender name Of "father," by the tongue Of infanoy, had once been lisped, Though sad the accents rung;

For well he knew the child Must share the mother's fate; And so it was, and he was left Forevor desolate!

And the ohildren he had reared— That sad and toil-bent slave— Had nursed, and carried in his arn Now bade him seek a grave!

One last long look be gave
To earth and ocean fair,
One last long quivering breath he drew
Of that fresh and balmy air,

Then closed his failing eyes,
And clasped upon his breast
Those toll-worn hands—a mome
And the weary had found rest

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1854, by ALICE CARRY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York]

seer rung was going like it or to go?"

mend if which is wrong? He ampthing hap permed if which is wrong? He ampthing hap permed if which is wrong was there has, and I don't know as there has, and I was made and in his bed, for all we know. His room is stiller than the grave, anyhow; and I am a notion to holt right into his room, and, if he is awarks, and eees me, why, it will be the more awarks, and eees me, why, it will be the more be ashaned; so PH go, that's what PH do—PH go as straights are yie evil if early me, and PH rouse him up, if he is dead or alive, that's just what I will do, as straights are yie evil if early me, and TH roquired all this process consumptor the daring weature she meditated; for I had not contradicted her proposal, by word or look.

"Coffee gotting oold, and everything," I heard her epeaking, as ahe disappeared up the stairs. He was the staired of the process of the face a little word. He was a stair when the process of the face a little was the stairs of the process of the face a little was the stairs of the process of the face a little was the stairs of the process of the face a little was the stairs of the process of the face a little was the stairs of the process of

down my book, and was a list side in a mo-ment.

"How kind of yon, Mary," he said, as I took his hand, which was, or I fancied was, a little fewrith.

I bethed his face, brought took and tea, soft.

I bethed his face, brought took and tea, soft.

I bethed his face, brought took and tea, soft.

I bethed his face, brought took and tea, soft.

I have a soft of the s

live here thus, always—one long, undisturbed Sunday,"

"White do you mean ??

"A look of confusion oversprend his face; but he presently recovered himself, and answered—
"But what were you dreaming? 17 I acked.
"You see I am a jealous mistress, and don't want you even to have dreams of which I am ignormat."

"But what were you dreaming? 17 I acked.
"You see I am a jealous mistress, and don't want you even the have been thinking of disposing of this my prosent home, and returning to the place from whence I canne."

"Why so?"

"No matter, derling," he said, taking my hand in his, and folding it in a reassuring way; I have told you for 30 you that I groyoned what I have told you for 30 you that I groyoned what I have told you for 30 you that I groyoned what I have told you for 30 you that I groyoned what I have told you for 30 you that I groyoned what "I have told you for you that I fare the ser."

"I has the For alroady, but I fear the ser.
"I has the For alroady but I fear the ser.
"Wall, my restry Exe, but do you think!

"Prizes y-",
mg you."
"And is this all ?"
"And is this all ?"
"No; I had some connections which seemed to draw me away"
"Are they broken off?"
"They shall be; but my Eve must not be too

"They shall be; but my Eve must not be too envirous."

I falt roproved, and asked no further questions, though I was not quite satisfied.

Zoward svening the sun shone out washed and they washed out together with. Richard, and they washed they washed they washed as they washed a casconted during the centing aud unfolding various ways and means whereby a small capital might be enlarged. I could do a great deal myself, and I was sure, with effort and energy, we could soom make the farm our own; and then, how little exertion would be required to supply all our needs.

ise close, and the chadows stretching toward the opposite hills. "Soo how green the woods are growing—it is April techny," said Mr. Richards; "to-more "April", I reseased; "I had not thought of it. That Ritle is we show seemed to put the season back." But it was not of the snow I was thinking. I was the close of the first Same was thinking. I was the close of the first Same of the season back." But it was not of the snow I was thinking. I was the close of the first Same of the season back." I have not of the season back." I have not of the season back." I have not been season between the season back of the season back. I have not season between the season back. The season back is a season back is a season back. The season back is a season back is a season back. The season back is a season back is a season back. The season back is a season back.

"You seem cold, my dear; shall we not re-turn 1"

And Mr. Richards draw my arm within his, and up the most path, between sprouting days and budding illses, we proceeded to the house in effect, both linesting to our consciences.

Rose thrust her head out of the kitchen door, and, with one finger on her lip, made a gesture of detantion. We stood back a little, when, with a look of silent wisdom, she directed Mr. Rich-ards to the door of the library, adding in a whise-stal to the door of the library, adding in a whise-stal to the door of the library adding in a whise-stal to the door of the library adding in a whise-stal to the door of the library adding in a whise-stal to whiseled to see you on particular, which is the source of the state of the state of "Who in it I'm sked Mr. Richard, in a tone of depleasure.

of displeasure.

"Somebody that is a good deal younger and a good deal better looking than you be," replicated Rose; "the if you want to find out bed, you can go in and see, but you will be going where mobody wants you—that's what your survant thinks;" and, ourteying with most civility, abe retreated to her own dominion, as she called the

I was not aware of an engagement," said Richards, retreating, "I wish you a very

was inthat that had some on the topmose round of the
leafterward is learned,
that had attached serious meaning to very
careless words; and that, as he dirined, I had
really forgotten the promise nomenting to very
careless words; and that, as he dirined, I had
really forgotten the promise to meet him that
day, and hoped he would not compol me to
speak farther on a subject pathful to us both.
I was irritated that his coming had proven
as my evil demon. I should have remembered,
then, that
"Mency is for the mereful."
Still he lingered, forgetful ecoverything. "Mency is for the mereful."

when he felt as little interest as myrell, he regressed you clear, and then earn prom me adouble anguish-sube reproaches of consederable and themselves to the sorrow that was pressible and the subsective to the sorrow that was pressible and the subsective to the sorrow that was pressible and the subsective that is any which the subsection of the subsec

have gone and the really lead of the property of the parameter of the polar work among the polar work among the polar work and the parameter of the polar work and the parameter of the polar of the polar work and the parameter of the polar of the polar work of the parameter of the polar of t

when we will take it with become an Eden."

"It has the Eve alroady, but I fear the serpent. You don't understand?"

"Order understand?"

"Order understand?"

"Order understand?"

"Order understand?"

"Order understand?"

"Order you less? You don't know me. Nothing oou'd detreast from my love—my veneration, almost?

"Wall, then, my sweet Eve. I fear being

"Wall, then, my sweet Eve. I fear being

"Wall, then, my sweet Eve. I fear being

"Wall, then you will knew! abould reveal

"Order hand growe cold. I knew! abould reveal

"An and growe cold. I knew! abould reveal

"Not have you can be of

use to you; there's is something for me to do. I

know how to economise, how to work?"

"I have how to economise, how to work?"

"And is this all?"

"And is this all?"

"And is this all?"

bons were, nor due 1 inquire; I die nor nies to be postrively assared.

what are you thinking, Charley? "

"That you are wiser than I am," he replied.
Ah, mel how my heart mid down. I twas the very escence of seithanes which prompted my speaking. I facared his congesterant with to marry her—would thwart my own intercest.

He arcse and looked sorrowfully and earnestly upon me; and, as some rejiot to my heart, I said:

"The wicked are not afraid. God bless you."

"The door opened and olosed—he was gone.
"Charley, Charley, and I fear I am very wicked,"

"The door opened and olosed—he was gone.
"Charley, Charley, I'l called, hurrying assounded on the saft ground, and, as I blemed, there came down upon me the same of an awful responsibility. Surely, fate sends somewhere the budding woods, and before the there came down upon me the same of an awful responsibility. Surely, fate sends somewhere the budding woods, and before the window, guting towards home. The very smoke looked lenesome, as it rose, not in long, hack whiffs, but in thin, blue wreaths, and drifted saide. The two work hones which along ridge between them. The voice that was used to call them in the morning, did not call. One by one, the cows which I find milked so often, got up from their warm beds, and turned when I saw my father come backs and the work of the me and the same of an end of the same of the s

Thursday, Angust 17, 1854, was the day separt for the purpose of opening what had loneen supposed to be an Indian mound, situate in the property of Mr. Thomas Jackman, nes

WASHINGTON, D. C.

aley, the great Indian artist and travel-is just produced an admirable panorama being of illustrations of Indian life. It will bitted in Washington during the present and will be taken hence to Europe at an

1,761,950 177,137 912,047 183,647

he Whig papers of New Orleans applaud course of Col. Theodore G. Hunt, their the course or Con. Incourse or Hunty stain.

Representative in Congress, in reference to the Nobraska Bill, in unqualified torms. The Bulletin says that his Congressional career has met with "almost universal approbation?—afact which-ie highly oreditable to the people of

PROFESTY IN MAN.

Mr. Tilghuma Cobbb ham at Bedford, Va, was set fire to by lightning, on Friday, the 11th, and consumed. Two negroes and three horess perished in the flames.

New Orleans Darig Cressent, Aug. 23.

Two negroes and three horess perished? Quites an incident, and quite a loss to Mr. Cobb!
Possibly the negroes were men, or women, with hubbands, or wives, or parents, or children, or beathers, or sisters, to mourn their fate. But that is all mworthy the attention of a journalist. The great fact is, that Mr. Cobb lost his negroee and horses! Hammanising wire stitution!"

A valuable negro boy, the property of W.

stitution in A valuable negro boy, the property of W. A. Phipps, living in the upper end of this county, was accidentally drowned in the Holten state of the second state of slavery. This "boy" may have been a husband and a father; but what of that?

If it is eaid that the Applotone have paid in hand, to Mr. Benton, fifty thousand dollars, for the copyright of his "Thirty Yeare in the United States Senate."

LETTER FROM KANSAS

nergy. nated the speak-

BY ALTY.

BY LILLY WILLOW.

In the leafy was deliand now,
Where the first are singing,
And from eviry forcet bough,
Soyous notes are ringing;
Where the strommet glides slot.
And ne'er thinks of staying,
In its happy, laughing song—
There is Beauty straying.

When the toils of day are do: And the mind, though wes To the fire-side dear is wou,

By a smile so cheery; Where the mist is flying fast

Where the friends whom Death hath Roam in bliss above ns, And their epirit-harps awaken, Whisp'ring how they love us; Where the dear onse God has given, Rest in pure expansion, In the bright and holy hearen— There is Beauty's mansion.

gan. third one in Indiana. fourth in Wisconsin.

LATER FROM SALT LAKE, SANTA FE, ETC.

the western The Crops.—Wheeling, Sep-tember 4.—Thirteen inches of water in the shannel of the river at this point. At Pitis-burgh, ten inches. Weather very hot.

Just published by
JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.,
Sept. 7. No. 117 Washington st., Boston

Sept. 7. No. 117 Washington st., Bo

NEW BOOKS FOR SEPTEMBER.

TICKNOR & FIELDS will published 9.

Saturday, September 9.
Literary Recreations and Miscellanies,
BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.
One volume, 16mo. Price \$1. MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE.
BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Nsw and Enlarged Edition, uniform with bis corks. 2 volumes, 16mo. Price \$1.50.

Saturday, Soptember 23,
Memorable Women: the Story of their Lives.
BY MAS. NEWTON CROFLAND.
With sight for illustrations. By Birket Foster.
One volume 16no. Prive \$1.

One volume Iomo. Froe St.

Saturday, September 30.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF GENIUS.
In some of its Relations to Culture and Society.

BY HENRY GILES.
One volume Iomo. Sept. 7—4t

THE ENGLISH LITERATI! FEW Americans have been so fortunate sets most of Macaulay, Milman, Hallam, Sir David Brewster, Lord Mahon, Dickens, Sir Robert Inglis, and toler litearry celebrities, around the social table, whose the ourrent of conversation flows unrestrained, "New laughter rippled, and now oaught," In smooth dark peols of desper thought."

BY MRS, ANN S. STEPHENO.

Armal Anneancement, application may be made to the Dean of the Paulity.

Algorithm of Paulity.

Ang. 31. No. 202 Arch streets, Philadelphia.

Ang. 31. No. 202 Arch streets, Philadelphia.

BOOK and Pamphile Printing eccented by NUELL streets, and in the Supreme and Pathelphia of the Court at Indianous of Wayne, Manchalphy, Henry, Court at Indianous of Wayne, Sandholph, Henry, Lawrence, Court at Indianous of Wayne, Sandholph, Henry, Lawrence, Court at Indianous of Wayne, Sandholph, Henry, Lawrence, La

bey isl\(\frac{1}{4}\) me I am growing old,
That youth's giad hours have passed away;
ad hope may never more unfold
are rosy chaplet, mid the cold
And darkness of life's winter day.

ay talk to mo of withersd flowers, Which thickly round my pathway d bid me count the weary hours, or dream again of leafy bowsrs, Beneath a dreary, winter sky.

tht of years may dim the eye, bid the check's rich bloom depa he losed ones still are nigh, al radiance lights the sky, mai warmth glows round the her though spring's sweet and gilttering Sowers greet not the failing sight? c dull ear no more belong nusic of the wild hird's song, as nearth is green and skies are brigh

ve can all things else outlast, o rapture to life's evening home bund our fading memonts cast comory of a spring that's past, promise of a spring to come!

ul perusal of every one who can perfection of the art of English

For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington.

irner & Co, London. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington.

LETTER XVIII.

TESTIMONY OF SOUTHERN STATESMEN. OF THE U. S. SENATE, AND THE FEDERAL COURTS. To the Friends of American Liberty: Slaveholding statesmen, as well as jurists, are well aware of the fact that there exists in

Sleed to the Head, Acting of the Stem-ton the Stonach, Sour Furcistation, Sink-lency at the Pit of the Stemach, Swing-Incol. Hurries and Dibnal Breaking, Sink-lency at the Pit of the Stemach, Swing-Incol. Hurries, Person and Stemach, Swing-in in a lying posture, Dinness of Vision, to the Stemach, Person and Stemach, Swing-ton and Stemach, Person and Stemach, Swing-Stemach, Swing-ton and Stemach, Swing-ton and Stemach, Swing-ten and Stemach, Swing-ten and Swing-ley Swing-Stemach, Swing-Land Swing-Swing-Swing-Land Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Land Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Land Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Land Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Land Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Land Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Land Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-Swing-S

Poughkeepsie, July 24, 1854.

r any quantity executed promptly. Apply HOMAS EMERY, Lard Oil, Star and Adamanting Manufacturer Circles

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